

A little after four the church bells began to peal-clang-crash! I believe they rang in every church in France. Then the band came by leading the boys home from drill and they stopped and played before the Y and the men fell out there.

A car passed bringing one of our secretaries home from Blois. He is usually a quiet unobtrusive little man, but today he was just bubbling over. He said the people of Blois were all out in the street - it was almost impossible to get the car through- throwing confetti, waving flags and shouting and singing. Later, one of my helpers - Don, a cook who takes as much pride in his job as an artist- came back from St. Aignan full of his experiences. St. Aignan is crowded with soldiers- they and the French people were thronging the streets- Don says the boys were dancing in the streets and singing and cheering. Then the church bells began and the whole crowd, French and American, civil and military, poured into the church and knelt there. There was no regular service - they just stayed a few moments then made room for others. It's a big church and was kept crowded. Donald says one man told him he'd never been on his knees before in his life, but he had today.

I'd like to have been there. Don was awfully impressed, and it would take a lot to impress him. He says he passed a withered, wrinkled old woman all bent over her stick but her eyes were beaming and she insisted on shaking hands all round with our boys.

Last night our sugar gave out and the packages of "them cookies" are "fine" even at the warehouse. No supplies on a day like this! Of course I got busy. Lieutenant Prentice lent me the Army canteenette this morning and I was lucky enough to be able to get a bag of sugar from the Sales Commissary at St. A. There's none in our warehouse. That fixed the chocolate O.K. but I was in despair because there was nothing to eat. I had expected bread so we could make jam sandwiches, but it didn't come and didn't come. At 5:30 I dashed up to mess. That didn't take long, and my worry lifted when I found Captain Grant there for I knew he'd help out, he always does. I'd been feeling pretty pressed and a little oppressed before, but he's the most efficient person around here so I knew we'd be all right. We were too. On the way down to the tent we passed the delayed bread truck and when we got there I found that Stillings had shown unusual intelligence and had made them leave 48 loaves (S. is a perfect dear, but not intelligent) Captain Grant immediately took charge of the sandwich end of the kitchen. Renee (my pretty little French helper) spread the jam while the Captain cut. I got busy mixing chocolate. We had an hour's leeway because of the band concert. Long before it was over we were ready with about 35 gallons of chocolate and 37 loaves of bread made into sandwiches.

The band was fine. The Captain and I tried a little dance in the kitchen but it was pretty small 3 x 4 clear space! So we went outside. Some of the boys were dancing in the space before the tent. We had a good one-just for a moment, then went back to the job. After the band had played some real things it started popular songs and the boys all sang- Dixie, Glory Hallelujah, Auld Lang Syne, Old Black Joe, etc. Oh, dear! I wish you could have seen it! Three quarters of the tent crowded with happy boys. The other quarter - the one nearest the counter- taken up by the band sitting in a double circle playing by candle-light. The counter lined with boys and all the space in behind filled in with officers and a few French people. They sat on the counter, and on boxes on top of it, and even climbed up and sat on the show shelves behind. And behind that, in the kitchen, the Major, Renee, Captain Grant and I watched it all, and stray soldiers kept wandering in and out, the boys all know they are welcome in the kitchen, all sorts turn up at all times.

Don usually helps me serve the chocolate but tonight he was too tired so Captain Grant volunteered. When the show was over we called to the men to get into line and then for an hour and a half we fed them just as fast as we could handle the goods. And when you don't have to bother about change you can put a line through pretty quickly too. The Captain ladled the chocolate, I gave out the sandwiches- My! it was fun! We had a double line for a long while, then it grew single. A lot of men can pass a given point in an hour and a half. The boys told me they joined the line away up past the church! But even so nothing gave out! I was a proud woman when the last man left and we had still about a quart of chocolate and three sandwiches!